

JACOB LINDLEY



Sibylla T Morris

With the Love of her Cousins

Wm & Anna M Townsend—

New Chester, Pa. Dec 26. 1894.



A BRIEF NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

JACOB LINDLEY

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
OF CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

COMPILED BY WM. P. TOWNSEND.

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Given by Ruth Sayre

PREFATORY REMARKS.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation: that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth.”—ISAIAH lii: 7.

IN the life and writings of Jacob Lindley we find a bright example of the practical nature of the Christian religion.

IN this day of making many books, an earnest desire has been felt that the younger members of the religious Society of Friends, as well as others, should become more fully acquainted with the excellent literature, biographical, doctrinal, and historical, of the Society of which they are privileged to be members. The compiler of this brief sketch, was himself upwards of thirty years of age, before he was aware of the rich mine of instruction as well as interesting reading, that is contained in the journals of our early, as well as some of the later members of our religious Society; who, having faithfully fulfilled their mission here, are, we reverently

PREFATORY REMARKS.

believe, enjoying that unending bliss purchased for us by the life, sufferings and death of Him, who came into the world to save sinners.

Now that the shadows of his four score years are perceptibly lengthening, he can cheerfully bear testimony to the purity, truthfulness and comfort contained in those excellent writings. With the hope that their perusal may be instrumental in turning the steps of some, from the broad into the narrow way, that leads unto eternal life: these incidents and passages from the life and writings of Jacob Lindley have been collected and are now for the first time published in a separate volume.*

W. P. T.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Twelfth Month, 1893.

* In the fourteen volumes of Friends' Library may be found many such narratives and treatises; in addition to which, attention may be directed to the excellent journals of William Evans, Daniel Wheeler, and others, to be had at Friends' Book Store, No. 304 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

JACOB LINDLEY.

JACOB LINDLEY was the son of Jonathan and Rebecca Lindley, of New Garden Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was born there in 1744. He was twice married; first to Hannah, widow of William Miller, and daughter of James and Rebecca Kirk Miller, Eleventh Month 14th, 1783. She died of yellow fever in 1798, after attending, under apprehension of duty, the Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia, where the yellow fever was at that time prevailing to a fearful extent. In 1800 he married Ruth Anna Rutter, a member of Exeter Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania. His wives were both valued ministers. He left a journal of some of his religious exercises in his journeys on behalf of the Indians, and in other services for the Society. The materials for this little volume are principally taken from a series of articles entitled, "Thomas Scattergood and his Times," published in "The Friend," volumes 22 to 24; other parts are from "Comly's Miscellany," and other sources. We have not been able to find much account of his early religious life.

Jacob Lindley was by nature affable in manners, excitable in feelings, and energetic in action. Although often pointed in rebuke, he did not willingly hurt the feelings of any; and seldom took offence at the remarks or reproofs of others. Men of strong minds and determined characters are often, perhaps generally, characterized by a disposition which leads them harshly to reprove, and causes them easily to take offence at the reproofs or actions of others. He would doubtless have been no exception to this rule, if he had not come under the regulating, heart-softening influence of the Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. He knew the Spirit of the Saviour was a Spirit of love, because he felt it clothing him with charity and kind feelings towards those whose actions he was bound publicly to condemn. He labored to keep his excitable temperament under control, and to manifest the reality of that religion of whose heart-cleansing, love inspiring influence he was at times drawn to speak unto others. He knew that if he was allowing himself to indulge in angry thoughts, harsh feelings, overbearing manners and remarks, it would matter little how much, or how eloquently he might plead for love and meekness, or how truly he might speak in praise of the gentleness of Christ.

The following incident is all that has been found in relation to Jacob Lindley's early religious life.

When Anthony Benezet was about preparing for the press his remarks on the use and abuse of spirituous liquors, Jacob Lindley first became known in the Yearly Meeting, by an energetic testimony which he delivered on that subject. As he was then a young man, he sat far back in the house; when the sitting closed, Anthony Benezet, whose benevolent heart had responded to Jacob's communication, was very earnest to speak to him, and leaving his elder friends, made his way through the crowd to give Jacob Lindley an invitation to dine with him. As Jacob was much of a stranger in the city, as well as to Anthony Benezet, he directed him to wait until he had spoken to some other friends, after which he would pilot him to his house. He did so, and appeared to give particular attention to his new guest; when dinner was over he took him into a private room, told him of his great unity with his testimony, and further informed him he had been writing a book on the subject which he intended to publish. He then requested Jacob Lindley to put his views and remarks on the subject on paper, and they should have a place in the book, furnishing him with pen and ink for the purpose. Jacob Lindley, during the conversation, was deeply impressed with a sense of his own littleness, and marvelled at the condescension and kindness, as well as freedom and warmth of affection, manifested

by his elder friend, who till now had been a stranger to him. Finding Anthony's importunity to have his written views pressing upon him, he excused himself by saying he was no scribe, nor the son of a scribe; that although he felt a deep concern on this subject, yet he could not then write his sentiments and views, nor did he wish to appear in print.

Having received a gift in the ministry, and being faithful in the exercise of his gift, he grew in grace, and was qualified by his Lord and Saviour for much usefulness in the church.

He was a powerful minister of the Gospel, and an earnest advocate of the rights of humanity. He was large in person, and before his death he became quite corpulent.

With a voice of great power and compass he was wont, when under impressions of religious duty to sound forth an alarming cry to sinners, to call them to repentance, and amendment of life; often has he warmed cold hearts, and shaken the strongholds of prejudice in them, as, with the earnestness of hearty feeling and in the authority of truth, he has pleaded the cause of the oppressed, the enslaved, the suffering, the neglected African. Such was he in the meridian of life, such was he to the close of his days. He came forth in the ministry during the commotions which immediately preceded the American Revolution; and in those

times of trial he was led to caution all classes, but especially the young, against allowing themselves to be caught with the spirit of war. He saw clearly into the evil principles from which war arises, and he had a powerful testimony to bear against it; he knew the horrors of the field of battle; he knew the human suffering that attend the wound of the musket ball, of the bayonet and sword; and he knew, however, the love of liberty and the necessity of protecting their rights, might be insisted on by those engaged in it, yet that war in its origin and progress, its glories and its triumphs, was rooted in sin, and sustained by the pride and corruption of man.

As Jacob Lindley was riding on horseback one day not far from his own residence, he was overtaken by a shower, and took shelter under the sheds belonging to the New Garden Meeting-house. Here the graveyard was open before him, and his mind soon became busy in recalling to recollection the many worthy Friends and faithful ministers of the gospel buried there; who having served the Lord in their generation had died in peace. His feelings became warm and at the top of his powerful voice, he broke out in the words of Addison

“How are thy servants blessed, O! Lord!

How sure is their defence!

Eternal Wisdom is their guide,

Their help, omnipotence.”

Such a voice as his echoed far and wide. A neighbor who was passing along the road at the time, hearing the words uttered in such a tone, and perceiving no one, he deemed it was something unearthly, and fled from the place with fear and precipitation. Jacob hearing the clatter of the horse's hoofs as the man galloped off, immediately comprehended the cause, and to appease the man's alarm, shouted after him. In his earnestness he did not let his voice fall, and the man's fears were aggravated by hearing himself called by that voice. His spurs did not cease their office until he had placed a considerable distance between himself and the spot from whence such awful sounds proceeded.

About the year 1791, a misunderstanding existed between the United States and several of the Indian tribes. On this occasion the Meeting for Sufferings,* held in Philadelphia, addressed a Memorial to Congress, the object of which was to show the expediency of pursuing pacific measures in settling the disputes with the Indians. This representation was well received; but the measures they recommended were not then adopted; and the calamities of war still continuing to prevail on the Western frontier of the States, the Yearly Meeting held in 1792, appointed a large committee to unite

* The body of Friends which represents the Yearly Meeting when the latter is not in session.

with the Meeting for Sufferings in deliberating on this momentous subject, and if practicable, to recommend such measures as would be most likely to promote peace and friendship with the Indians. Early in the year 1793, deputies from several Indian nations visited Philadelphia with the view of forwarding the accommodation of differences with the United States.

The Government having agreed that a treaty should be held in the Indian country, near Detroit, during the summer following, these Indian deputies repeatedly urged that some Friends should attend the negotiations: stating that the nations they represented had especial confidence in Friends as a people, who from their first settlement in America had manifested a steady adherence to the maintenance of peace and friendship with the natives. In accordance with the desire which Friends had long felt to promote peace, the proposal was acceded to; and six Friends were deputed to accompany the Commissioners appointed by Government, first having obtained the President's approbation.

The Commissioners appointed on this embassy were Gen'l Benjamin Lincoln, Col. Timothy Pickering and Beverly Randolph. The Friends who accompanied them were John Parrish, William Savery, and John Elliott of Philadelphia, Jacob Lindley of Chester County, and Joseph Moore and William Hartshorne of New Jersey.

Jacob Lindley left his home on the twenty-eighth of Fourth Month, 1793, and joined his fellow travellers in Philadelphia. Feeling a religious concern to see President Washington, with whose approbation Friends were going to the treaty, Jacob spoke to William Savery on the subject, and found he was under a like impression. His journal says, "we went about nine o'clock; met with a favorable reception, and had a full opportunity to relieve our minds, which we thought tended to his [the President's] satisfaction, as well as ours;" on Seventh-day, the fourth of Fifth Month, they left New York for Albany in the sloop "Schenectady," Captain Lansing, with a favorable wind, but soon after the wind changed, and a storm came on which obliged them to cast anchor. The fury of the wind increasing, the vessel dragged her anchor and was almost driven on shore, so that the captain was glad to retrace his path, and get once more to the wharf from whence he had sailed.

This gave the Friends an opportunity to attend the usual First-day meetings in the city of New York. A concern arose in the mind of William Savery to hold a public meeting in the evening, for Friends and others, and notice was given to that effect at the close of the afternoon meeting. The meeting was to commence at seven o'clock and was gathering, when Friends received notice from

Captain Lansing to come on board the vessel. The concern to hold the meeting continued pressing on their minds, public notice had been given, and people were assembling, but if they did not go immediately to the vessel, they did not know that the captain would wait for them. The trial was great to the Friends, but religious duty was paramount. Jacob says, "William and I agreed, let the consequences be what they might, we would attend the meeting. We did so, and a favored time it was. About nine o'clock, several Friends, merchants of the city accompanied us to the vessel, where the captain and the passengers were in a heat; but we kept down and it blew over. Captain Lansing told me afterwards with seriousness, he did believe the storm was permitted in order to give us time for the meeting." As they sailed up the North River, and gazed on the forts and fortifications built during the Revolutionary times and remembered the bloody contests that had taken place at some of them, serious and sad reflections arose in Jacob Lindley's mind. Yet he had good hope of the permanent spreading of Christian principles, of a corresponding Christian practice in the earth, and made the following remarks: "The barren appearance of the banks of the Hudson with the prospects of the divers dark habitations of death and destruction brought me into an humbling sense

of the excellency of that holy religion which breathes 'Peace on earth and good will to men.' These strongholds situated on the tops and peaks of mountains, perhaps three or four hundred feet high, were associated with ideas which more strongly confirmed my mind in the approach of that day in which the King of kings will exalt his holy mountain above them all."

In just one hundred years after these sentiments or prophecies were uttered by Jacob Lindley, the United States and Great Britain settled by a peaceful arbitration what was known as the Behring Sea difficulty. The Commission was composed of nine persons, two from the United States, two from England, the remaining five from different nations. The President, Baron de Courcel, of France, after delivering the award, addressed the arbitrators, saying, "that he recognized the great value of arbitration as a cause of peace between nations." He expressed the opinion, that every international arbitration rendered war less probable; he looked forward to the time in the near future, when it would be the rule and not the exception to settle international difficulties in this way. This was responded to favorably by other arbitrators.

At Albany they were treated with civility and kindness. The minister of a congregation there, understanding their journey was intended to benefit

the Indians and promote peace, told them "that he should publicly offer up prayers for them and their success which would be joined by ten or eleven hundred others, and he hoped would be available." Jacob says of him, "he appeared a good natured, tender spirited man."

"In the afternoon five Indians passed through this town. I stopped them at the city tavern, gave them some refreshments and money to bear their expenses. The company consisted of an old woman, a son, two daughters, and a grand-son. They all appeared simple, and their countenances innocent. Their names and visages impressed my mind with the remembrance of good old Abraham, Isaac and Jacob." "The city of Albany is chiefly settled with the descendants of emigrants from Holland. They are generally a recluse, busy people; which bears the appearance of inhospitality or want of sociability and attention to strangers. When we arrived at the city tavern we found General Lincoln nearly alone. He was very anxious to move forward that afternoon, for which purpose a horse and chair were sought and procured; the horse was a poor old gray, such as I have seen turned out to die. This treatment of the General raised my feelings, for the honor of our Government and the regard due to its respectable officers, of which number I considered him as one—especially on the

present intended peaceful embassy. I went out and represented the reflections it might draw upon the reputation of the place to Captain Lansing and some others, who had exulted much in the antiquity and reputation of their city." They soon procured a better horse and sulky; and he proceeded that evening to Schenectady. On such an occasion Jacob Lindley would think it right to allow his earnest feelings to have their full play. When he was censured by Captain Lansing, he kept cool. Christian principles taught him forbearance, Divine Grace enabled him to practice it. But in pleading for the rights of hospitality, or the rights of humanity, he felt it consistent with Christian meekness and gospel love to be earnest and zealous.

On one occasion Jacob's warm heart was sorely tried, and his zeal was aroused. He had given employment in his family to a colored person, who it afterwards appeared was one held as a slave, who without having been manumitted by those claiming him as their property, had attempted to secure his natural right to liberty by running away. The person who was the reputed owner of the man obtained information,* probably from a drunken neighbor of Jacob Lindley's, named John Brown, where his human chattel could be found. Taking a company of people with him, among whom was this John Brown, the Southerner proceeded to the house of Jacob

Lindley, and by force seized the slave. Jacob, who warmly felt the oppression of the poor, afflicted negroes, was deeply affected at seeing this man carried off into bondage. He did not, he could not, as a true-hearted follower of our Lord Jesus Christ, offer any physical resistance, but he could plead the cause of truth, mercy and righteousness with a voice of persuasion, of compassion, and of warm-hearted feeling. What he said to the slaveholder has not been preserved, but seeing his drunken neighbor, he turned to him and sharply demanded who he was. The man no doubt quailed before the earnest manner of this afflicted lover of the human race, and answered that he was John Brown, one of his neighbors. "Yes," said Jacob, as if suddenly remembering him, "I went to thy house the other day, the fences were down, the pigs were squealing, the dog stood leaning against the side of the house, too lean to bark, and I said to myself, 'John Brown! John Brown! cursed within and without.' "

Jacob Lindley and the other Friends remained all night at Albany, where they had an opportunity of observing the manner in which funerals were there conducted by the inhabitants of that place. Jacob says, "The women do not attend the corpse of the nearest relatives to the grave. The females assemble at the house, and immediately after the

coffin is borne out, they proceed to eat cakes, drink wine, and smoke tobacco for a short time, and then all clear out before the men return. The men resume the feast made in consequence of the decease of their neighbor or friend, regale themselves, and return home." The preparations made for the • eating, drinking and smoking of those who attend the funerals are certainly much out of place at such times. They originated, perhaps, in hospitable feelings, supposing that such as were from a distance would need some refreshment. They soon, however, degenerated in many parts of the world, and these solemn occasions for coming together became known, and sought for as affording opportunities for gluttony and intemperance. It is to be hoped that in all Christian communities the habit of providing refreshments on occasion of funerals, is being more and more confined within proper limits.

At Schenectady the travellers took boats and went up the Mohawk, the land along which was fertile, and the scenery fine. Jacob says they "passed by many peaks and points of land memorable for having forts and fortifications in time of war, particularly the residence of Sir William Johnson, whose mansion house is now in ruins, the lands confiscated and in the possession of strangers. This estate was said to have been obtained from the In-

dians by chicanery. Such is the uncertainty of the most extensive worldly possessions, more especially when obtained through unrighteous channels. This day we passed a rock projecting out of the bank of the river, whereon was painted, with great ingenuity, in red colors, a canoe, with a representation of seven men in it. This painting is said to be done annually by Indians, who come several hundred miles for that purpose, in order to commemorate the slaughter of seven Indians, who went off from that neighborhood in some former wars, and were all destroyed." He says, that in passing along they met with many whose relations and near connections were killed during the Revolutionary War by the refugees under the command of John Johnson, son of the William before named. The old fortifications, block houses and forts around, appeared to Jacob to afford but a weak defense, and he says breathing aspirations were raised in him, that he might become an inhabitant of a city whose walls are salvation, and whose light and glory the Lord of Hosts is.

Fifth Month 12th.—“ We landed and tarried awhile at Fort Hendricks, on the south side of the river. This day the wind blew very brisk, and directly against us, which made our progress slow, and the labor of the men exceeding hard. With considerable difficulty we stemmed the current ten

miles, to the falls of the river, which are thirty-eight and a half feet in three-quarters of a mile. It is a very romantic spot. Below these falls, for three miles, the water is perhaps eighty feet deep. Here our setting poles were of no account, and our oars and paddles were not sufficient to propel the boat against the wind, so that at one time I did not know but we should here have made our beds. But, through the abounding mercy of Him 'who hath gathered the winds in his fists' and 'hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand,' we got through to comfortable lodgings."

On their way one windy day, they landed from their boats and pitched their tents on the border of Oneida Lake. In the evening they were visited by a number of Indians, among whom was one named Beech Tree or King Doe. He told them he had heard they were there, and, with trembling knees, leaning on his staff, he had come to see them. As they were in the work of peace, he rejoiced to see them on that errand, and he hoped the Great Spirit would bless their endeavors, which he united with. He did not know what he lived for, except it was to see it. After the Indians had left them, the wind subsiding, they took down their tents and hurried on board their vessels. "The lake was smooth, and the moon shining. We went with our oars beautifully about twelve miles. Suddenly there

appeared a cloud rising in the southwest, which soon spread, and obscured the light of the moon. It began to rain, with a heavy gale of wind, and the scene was soon changed from serenity and calmness, into a foaming tempest. Our little fleet got scattered. The swells became so great as to render oars useless. The water being shoal and the shore rocky, we durst not attempt to run in. Our boatman proposed to raise the mast and hoist sail, which, with great difficulty from the beating of the waves and the extreme darkness, was effected, after which our little bark ran violently before the wind, rocking over the swells like a tub on the water. But through the providence of Almighty Power, about break of day we got into the mouth of the Oneida River, though several of our boats did not arrive for some hours after. This lake is about thirty miles long and eight wide, in crossing which I underwent a close and searching baptism, not only respecting the present embassy, but all the actions of my life, for eternity seemed very near."

Jacob Lindley could, doubtless, with all his inward cogitations, trust in the Lord for succor, knowing that it was in obedience to what he believed to be his religious duty that he was there in apparent danger. The feeling of his being in his proper place would, in measure, take away the fear of death. Very different were his feelings from those of our dear Friend, Anthony Benezet,

who being at one time persuaded to go down to the Capes of Delaware, without having any call or duty, or necessary business there to attend to, was caught in a violent storm. As he looked at the sea and saw the storm raging; and perceived the sickness and distress of the passengers, the sense of impending danger drew him to consider where he was, and why he was there, and forced from him the inward ejaculation, "What business have I here?" Doubtless the same kind of feeling has been experienced by many when brought into trial and trouble. The sense of having run into them without being sent, has added bitterness to sorrow, and fearfulness to danger. On the contrary, the feeling that it was obedience to the Lord's will which has brought on the Christian, the trial, the difficulty, the suffering and the danger, would have a tendency to sustain him or her under them, and to enable him to believe that all things will work his furtherance in good.

On the 26th, Jacob Lindley says, "we visited Governor Simcoe, who received us in a friendly manner. It was now confirmed to us that the Indians would not assemble before the first of Seventh Month. It proved a close trial to be so long separated from the dearest connections in life, and driven into the sickly season of the year, so that I found a necessity for the exercise of faith and pa-

tience. My mind was turned to the Lord for counsel in this proving season. Several things revolved in my mind, whether to return home or to try to seek out some of the scattered sheep in Canada."

It does not appear that our valued Friend returned home at this time, but, under the exercise of faith and patience, remained at his post of duty; and three years subsequently, in company with other Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, did visit the Friends living in Canada.

On arriving near Niagara Falls, about where Lewiston now is, Jacob Lindley and his fellow-travellers met with other Friends from Philadelphia, who had come to attend the treaty. On the twenty-eighth day of the Fifth Month, accompanied by Joseph Moore, he went four miles into the country to visit the family of Jeremiah Moore. At this house he received an interesting account of the dreadful famine that raged among the inhabitants of that wilderness land in the year 1789. The members of this family were reduced to an allowance of one spoonful of meal per day, and endeavored to sustain life by eating flaxseed, dried and ground in a coffee-mill, strawberry leaves, beech leaves, mustard tops, potato tops and sassafras roots. Sometimes they made a tea of the leaves. They bled their oxen and cows, using the blood

for food, and paid for the little meal they could obtain, a shilling a pound. One of the boys in this family, who was working on the farm of a neighbor, carried his half-famished little sister two miles on his back, that she might eat the breakfast that was prepared for him, where he was employed. This she did whilst he had to work, weak as he was, until dinner-time, before he received any nourishment for himself. At one time, one of the members of the family having caught a robin, the circumstance caused the children to leap for joy. With this little bird they made a whole pot of broth, not very nourishing, but still better than nothing. The whole of the settlers seemed to suffer nearly alike, and no one was able to afford much help to the others. Jacob Lindley says, "The relation was deeply affecting," and adds, that "it brought to his mind the many thankless meals enjoyed in the land of plenty."

It is a remarkable circumstance that the colonists of Pennsylvania and New Jersey were never subjected to a general famine. Single families among them, isolated in the wilderness, did at times suffer from want of food, but no general failure of crops has ever taken place. The early settlers have gratefully recorded providential deliverances from the sufferings consequent on the inadequate supply of food, and whether their aid

came from Indian kindness or from more direct manifestation of Divine power and mercy, they knew to whom to return thanksgiving and praise.

Jacob Lindley thus speaks of the Falls of Niagara, "When I approached this tremendous cataract, it truly appeared amazing, and with a voice of thunder, proclaimed the majesty of its sublime Architect." He and his companions, Joseph Moore and John Elliott, descended the very precipitous side of the bank below the falls, to gaze upon the sheet of water, as it dashed down from above. He says, they found on the rocks below, ducks, loons, cormorants, catfish, pickerel and other fish and fowl, which had been killed by being carried down by the column of falling water. They spent an hour or two below, lost in wonder and admiration. They were informed that, during the preceding two years, two persons had been swept over the falls, a white man and an Indian. The white man fell from his boat as it entered the rapids, probably paralyzed by fear. The Indian was lying asleep in his canoe, which was secured to the shore above the rapids, when, as was generally supposed, a wicked person loosened the fastenings and let the boat drift off. Some one who, upon the shore, saw the canoe holding the unconscious owner glide along the rapids, gave a shout, which awakened the sleeper. He arose, took his paddle, struck two

or three strokes in the foaming water, and then, conscious of the futility of every effort to escape, wrapped his blanket around his head, and quietly laid himself down in the bottom of his canoe. His body was picked up two miles below the falls, and not a bone appeared to have been broken, which would indicate that it had struck no rock in its descent.

On the second of Sixth Month the Friends appointed a meeting not far from the falls. As Jacob Lindley was walking, without any company, to the place where it was to be held, he looked behind him, and saw two Indians following him. They were running, or rather trotting along, as their pace is when in haste. One of them was, in Jacob's estimation, frightfully painted, jet-black and vermilion-red. The face was divided into four parts, the upper part on one side, and the lower part on the other side, were painted black, and the other two quarters red. The fierce wildness which this gave his appearance was increased by his dress. He had around his body the skins of beasts and birds, with their hair and feathers on, and a tail of hair hung down behind them. These skins, as they came rapidly on, were blown out by the wind, and he grasped his scalping-knife in his hand. Jacob says, "His visage was exceedingly fierce and grim. I turned sideways, and stood still until he

came up, I believe without any visible emotion of fear. Then, accosting him thus, 'which way in such a hurry?' he said, 'Hooch King, Buffalo Creek!' and passed along." Jacob Lindley had evidently been under considerable uneasiness as the chief approached him, yet he was a man of good nerves, and perhaps as little liable to sudden and unreasonable frights as most men.

3rd.—“Walked to Squire Birch's mills, on the rapids above the unspeakably amazing cataract, where I had a second view of this standing awful monument of the mighty power of Him who created the heavens and the earth, the seas and fountains of water. The rapids above are about one mile square. Pleasingly grand is the prospect—the waves dashing and tumbling from rock to rock, and altering their appearance every moment. Here also are seen the misty vapors from the great falls, rising in curling columns to the clouds, resembling the smoke of numerous furnaces. Our kind friend, Birch, has, perhaps, one of the grandest situations for water-works in the world. He is kind to Friends, having in early life contracted an esteem for Samuel Emlen, at sea.

“Went on to the meeting, where my companions and divers Friends and other settlers in this new country came, to the number of about one hundred. The meeting was solid and satisfactory.”

Jacob Lindley and his friends took passage in the schooner "Dunmore," on Lake Erie, for Detroit, on the eighth of Sixth Month. He says, "A gentle breeze from the southwest made our progress toward Detroit tedious, yet afforded time for conversation and contemplation. There were representatives of five different Indian nations on board, some French, British, German, Scotch and Americans of the United States, some soldiers, sailors, merchants, mechanics and farmers. Notwithstanding all the varieties of prospects and interests, perfect harmony and decorum were observed. In the observation of which my faith and hope a little revived, in the approach of that glorious day, when thousands and tens of thousands, yea, nations and kingdoms, shall repair to Zion's holy and peaceable ensign, notwithstanding the many opposing strongholds of mystery Babylon yet held up and maintained, in the strong reasoning part of the natural fallen wisdom of man."

On First-day morning, Sixth Month 9th, he made the following entry in his diary, "Last night was a solemn, awful season. The preceding day was very warm, the thermometer at 80 degrees. A little before sunset the wind lulled into a perfect calm. A dark cloud arose southwestward, and slowly approached us. About midnight it came on, with terrible wind, thunder and lightning—to an hum-

bling degree to me and the rest, more especially as we had fifty barrels of gunpowder on board, and between eighty and ninety passengers, divers of whom had been fierce warriors, both Indians and white men. Under every consideration, I felt my own righteousness as filthy rags, and dare not indulge a secret thought that it would be unjust if the schooner should be blown up. I had nowhere to rest my confidence, save in the unspeakable mercy of Israel's mighty God, by whose power we were preserved. The noise and exertions of the seamen were great. Their care and activity as commendable as it was admirable. My spirit visited my habitation, to take a solemn leave of my dear companion and tenderly beloved children. I felt the peace it would be to yield up life at home. I remembered I had been baptized into death, and brought under great awfulness, even unto tears and trembling, before I set out on this journey, and upon the whole I was favored with a good degree of quietness and resignation."

The storm passed by them harmless, the wind subsided, the fierce lightning ceased, and the next day the Friends held a meeting to good satisfaction. The minds of all were, no doubt, sobered by the great and imminent danger they had been in, and probably some little sense of gratitude to God, their preserver, had been raised even in the irreligious,

which had a tendency to soften their hearts, and prepare them for giving heed to the things, which the Friends found themselves called upon to preach among them.

It is at such seasons that the heart of man is led, under the direction and through the sanctifying baptism of the Holy Spirit, into greater watchfulness—into the breaking up of evil habits—into a closer and more humble “walk with God.” Whatever humbles the heart and contrites the spirit, has a tendency to prepare the man for the further work of grace.

On the eleventh of Sixth Month, Jacob Lindley and his friends, being at a garrison on the Detroit River, called to see Isaac Williams, a noted Indian trader. Doubtless with a view of intimidating Friends, he narrated many instances of Indian cruelty, and stated that they were at that time more haughty and insolent than they had been. He insinuated his doubts of the company ever returning from Sandusky, unless the United States Commissioners should yield to all the Indians demanded. This appeared also to be the sentiment of others, and the information tended to drive Friends to look to the Lord for safety, in this their season of trial and danger. The Indians around them were often intoxicated, and in that condition they manifested much ferocity. In considering all

he heard and all he saw, Jacob Lindley remarks, "It evidently appears a serious business, and little, if anything, short of offering up life, by those who attend it."

Various ways have been tried to Christianize the world, and not seldom has it been attempted by the point of the sword. This, of course, indicates that those who made such a trial were unacquainted themselves with the Spirit of the gospel, and regarded Christianity more as a verbal profession of certain doctrines, than a submission of the will to the cross of Christ. Christianity is the religion of individuals, not the religion of States. It must be carried on in the soul of each one, and cannot be done in classes or in multitudes. Each one must have his or her own conflicts, own inward baptisms, own purgings from sin, own birth unto holiness, or they are no Christians. These things take place in the secret of the heart, out of the sight of the multitude, who only know when the change has been effected, by the upright conduct and conversation of the truly converted. A specimen of Christianizing by force is thus given by Jacob Lindley,

On the 12th.—"Had a conference with David Kennedy, a half Indian, a man of learning and influence. Having been educated in Scotland, he visited London, Jamaica, &c. He lives with the

Indians, and professes Christianity, is well versed in the Scriptures, and says he has initiated divers into the Christian faith by a medium widely contrasted with our mode. He told us some Indians used to mock and ridicule his going to church, but at a certain time, he undertook to drub them severely, and ordered them and their families to attend church in future, or he would be under the necessity of dealing more sharply with them. On which they appeared the next day of public worship, and had continued steady ever since. He supposed it the most substantial method of making converts, as also of ending quarrels and disputes. To all which I opposed several texts out of the New Testament, to the validity of which he assented, and strongly avowed his friendship for us, and promised to use his influence in order to open our way amongst the other nations of his acquaintance, which is extensive."

On the 13th, he says, they had, in the evening, a visit of an Indian, Captain Keasy. In conversation, this red brother of the wilderness undertook to give them an account of some religious truths. He professed Christianity. He first described the flood in a brief, abrupt way, and then the final destruction of the world by fire, and the day of judgment. The following is his account of mankind receiving the reward of the things done in the body, "All come

to Great Spirit—to all good people say, ‘Come my right hand, go up there to the light,—bad people, say, ‘Go left hand—go down dark, fire, brimstone—never see candle.’” At the conclusion of Jacob’s narrative of this interview he says, “I was pleased, nay, thankful, to find his mind a little cultivated by a sense of right and wrong, and a belief in future rewards and punishments.”

The next day the Friends called to see some Chippeway Indians, who had just arrived from Michilimackinack. The journal says, “These remote Indians were dressed and painted with black, red, green and blue, having turbans around their heads, with pikes and prongs of skins, feathers, hair, sticks, &c., projecting eighteen inches out from the sides of their heads—frightfully painted and cut—the squaws and others with tails of wild beasts passing over the top of their heads, and hanging down their backs. But my genius, pen, and even imagination in its strongest picturesques, must fall short of the shocking, striking, curious aspect of these northern inhabitants of the wilderness. They had drunk rum to excess before we reached them. Several were much disguised. The more sober shook hands and appeared friendly, to whom I gave a small present.” After describing the rage and angry appearance of two of the Indians towards him and his friends, and the art of some of the

younger, who were singeing the hair off a young animal, supposed to be a puppy, whilst preparing it for their breakfast, the journal thus continues, "My heart felt exceeding sorrowful, and the language of my soul was, 'How much owest thou unto thy Lord?' The picture of these poor, degraded [people] involved many serious considerations respecting the approaching council, where would probably be many hundreds, more wild and ferocious than these. My mind was covered with lamentation respecting the cause of such degradation, which, at least in part, appears to arise from abandoned and profligate white people having the greatest intercourse with them in their trade and towns, to which, stimulated by their love of money, they resort, at the risk of their lives, carrying their vices, immoralities and bad example with them. These, the poor, uncultivated Indians easily imbibe, and, taking root in a soil adapted to receive evil seed, produce fruits dreadful to behold.

"The greatest discouragements attending from day to day, respecting the desired peace, arise from a query or doubt [whether] neglect of religious duty towards these poor people in earlier time, might [not] be rewarded by a continuance of unrelenting, savage chastisement on our borders, from the old inhabitants of the land, whose murderous practices and their cruel instruments of death and

engines of destruction, I tremble to relate, such as rifles, bayonets, scalping-knives and tomahawks of brass and steel; the bodies of some almost covered over with silver, tin and other plates, brooches, bobs, &c., as hostile ensigns. In all which, may I not say, with sorrow and blushing, they have been equalled, if not exceeded, by the professed followers of the meek and humble Jesus, whose holy kingdom and Divine law suffer violence and depression to a mournful degree."

On the 14th, he and his companions dined with many of the English officers, by whom they were hospitably and courteously entertained. Jacob Lindley says they spent the time until "near sunset in agreeable conversation on various subjects, such as religion, governments, war, peace, theatrical exhibitions; and, at the conclusion, they begged leave to drink a toast, which, out of complaisance, they dispensed with, except the king's health. We told them we could not encourage the practice, as it frequently proved an inlet to intemperance, and sometimes intoxication, which they granted. Nevertheless they took the liberty to drink, 'Success to the Quakers in their present honorable and disinterested undertaking.'"

On the 15th, "There came to our lodgings a party of Chippeways, an old chief and several warriors, one of whom had a human scalp, with beautiful

fair, curled hair on it, tied to his ear. These were some of those who, a day or two before, had treated us so roughly. A white man who stood near us at that time, and understood their language, told us they had a desire to have our scalps. They appear to be a terrible nation, fierce, insolent and warlike, and, I believe, exceedingly injured by their intercourse with the white people, especially the French, many of whom are little more refined than they. Their almost incessant importunity for rum, made the interview not so agreeable. We mostly evaded giving them liquor, and substituted pipes and tobacco to put them off.

“This forenoon felt easy to appoint a meeting, to begin at ten o’clock to-morrow, at a shop in the ship-yard, under the direction of William Baker, a Friend in principle, and cousin to George Baker, of Philadelphia.

16th.—“First of the week. Went to meeting, where a large number of the inhabitants of the town and military men assembled. I believe it was a solid season, and Truth’s testimony was exalted over all opposition, notwithstanding rawness and dark insensibility were painfully prevalent. We afterwards went down the river in Colonel England’s boat, about six miles to the house of Judge Powell, where we had appointed a meeting. A considerable number convened, and I was comforted in a belief that the everlasting gospel was preached in Canada.

18th.—“Ten principal Indians, Senecas and Cayugas, came to see us. Several of them, old men, with gray hairs and furrowed brows, evident marks of a round of years, attended with a variety of hardships, exercise, sorrow and pain. Their depressed countenances awakened all the compassionate feelings of my mind towards them. But I could only retire into solemn quietude, and intercede the common Father to be the comfort and prop of their declining years.

“This day my exercise of mind was heavy, and my heart sorrowful, in a feeling of the suffering of the pure seed in this place, and the cruelty and oppression which reign among the children of men, even of the most polished nations. What enormous salaries are given to military officers, both sea and land, as also to officers in civil government, who too generally stand opposed, with thousands of others, in more inferior stations, to the spreading and increase of the kingdom and government of the ‘Prince of Peace.’ In a little interview with Captain Muncey, a sprightly British officer, I took the liberty to mention the possibility that, when the broils in France should subside, the African slave trade be abolished, and a permanent peace be concluded with our American Indians, all this globe might be at peace, and that swords (of which he had one by his side,) might be beaten into

ploughshares. He hoped not to see such a time, as it would also beat up his bread and butter (meaning his living.)

20th.—“We had a close conversation with a French militia captain on the subject of war, which we held to be incompatible with the purity, spirit and precepts of the gospel. To the general scope of which he assented, but alleged that, according to the oath of allegiance to his king, when he ordered martial enterprises he must obey, and that his king must be responsible for what was done. We silenced his arguments.” What a fallacy! To endeavor to throw the crime of the actor on him who commanded the action. It is true, that he who plans a war and plunges a nation into it, is partly chargeable with the whole sad catalogue of outrage, violence and murder; of wasted fields, of ruined villages, of the bodily sufferings and mental anguish which inevitably follow the conflicts of contending armies. But this does not lessen the individual responsibility of each actor in the horrid scenes. Man has a higher commander to look to, than the general of his army, the President and Congress, a king and his ministers. The voice of his God in his soul says as plainly, ‘Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not injure thy brother in possession or in person,’ as the declaration of war says, ‘kill, burn, destroy.’ What noble testimonies

many of the early Christians bore against obeying the commands of their emperors, when they conflicted with the commands of their God! One exclaimed, 'I cannot be a soldier. I can do nothing wicked. I am a Christian.' And refusing to bear the mark of military service around his neck, he was condemned to death, and, through martyrdom, sealed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Sixth Month 29th.—“ Had a visit from a Wyandot chief, who appeared to have much concern respecting the approaching treaty, also a remembrance of former treaties and belts. Some long and broad belts, he said, they had, that were intended not only to bind us by the hands, but clasp us by the arms, so that no small accidents should in future be able to make a separation, and that notwithstanding all that had happened, the Wyandots felt some of the old affection to possess their breasts, and he hoped we would find it so at the general council, but could speak for none but themselves. We desired our interpreter, J. Heckewelder, to assure him we possessed the same love and friendship for them, and for all other Indians, that we or our forefathers ever did, that our principles had always restrained us from making war against them, but when we believed the government was disposed to make peace with them, on principles of

justice, we were willing to leave our homes and near connections, and at a great expense, undertake a long and hazardous journey, to endeavor to promote it, and to be present at the concluding of so good a work. On the delivery of which, he said, he knew, long ago, we did not fight, but were for peace. He then got up and shook hands with Friends, then sat down and spoke in substance as follows, 'That, as we had come a long journey, and were all preserved in health, it was evident the Great Spirit was pleased with our coming, and he hoped some good would be done, and that the Great Spirit would bring us home in the same good health, with peace and joy.' To which we replied, we were glad of such an opportunity to talk with him, and if the great and good work of peace could be effected, we hoped we should return home with joy and peace which was all the reward we wanted or looked for.' He asked whether it would be disagreeable if he was to come and dine with us, to which we invited him."

Some Shawnee women visited them. "One, a widow, who, because of her situation, had taken off her bobs, jewels and trinkets, with which the others shone with splendor, having massive plates of silver about them, I have no doubt, to an amount that would have clothed them in silk and velvet. Had it not been for the profuse introduction of distilled

spirits amongst these people, and the frauds in consequence of it imposed upon them, also the ravages and depredations of war, with multiplied murders and thefts, they would at this day have been a very wealthy people in silver and gold, cattle and horses. But the reverse is, at present, their sorrowful situation, I fear to our condemnation."

The same day Jacob Lindley wrote, "This has been a high day at the Roman chapel. They rang the bells, and it is said, carried about the host. At ten they assembled at the chapel in great numbers, men, women and children. Some kneeled and many sung aloud. I saw them through the windows from our lodging. Many of them appeared sincere. But oh! the clouds of lifeless ceremonies, of images, pictures, water, wine, wafers; schemes of human policy and earthly wisdom, operating as so many veils which obscure the in-shining of the rays of the sun of righteousness, darkening counsel to a sorrowful degree, often amongst men in eminent stations. Indeed, the veil of the covering, spread over all nations, is only destroyed in proportion as we approach and ascend the Lord's peaceable, holy mountain, in the purity of his saints, as little children—where, without cloud of ceremony, or mist of darkness or unbelief, their angels do behold the face or appearance of their Father in heaven. They behold his universal love, in his

pure fear, in the awful attributes of his righteous judgments and incomprehensible mercies, more than heart can think, or tongue can speak, and, in abasement, they bow before the name of the Lord Jehovah, in whom surely is everlasting strength; and to whom I desire to commit my cause, and commend my soul, with my dear companion and our tender babes, if we should never more meet in this vale of tribulation."

On the first of the Seventh Month, there was a funeral "at the Roman chapel, where the priest in his robes was preceded by a man bearing on an ensign like a halbert, a large cross, and attended by singers, and two little lads, each with a candle. They, with the priests and singers, were clothed in black petticoats, and covered over the arms and shoulders with a white surplice, which reached down to the knee. When the coffin, which was covered with a black pall, approached the threshold of the chapel, the bearers made a small halt, the priest turned around, with a brush in his hand, and sprinkled water on the apparatus about the deceased. I did not go inside of the house, but saw numbers of lighted candles burning in it, which made but a faint light, as the sun shone bright and the day was exceedingly warm. The ecclesiastical part of the procession went bareheaded, and very slow, muttering a sentence or two of Latin over

and over, all the way. Indeed, the whole of the religious parade appeared to have more of Jewish ceremony or Gentile superstition in it, than Christian simplicity or gravity. They deposited the poor tabernacle under the floor, rung the bells, sang aloud, made their sanctum sanctorum resound, and then departed. Numbers of them come to mass on First-day eight or ten miles, just step in, and (they say) rhyme over their pater noster, dip their fingers into the font, cross themselves and out again to drink and frolic."

The Indians, with whom the treaty was proposed to be made, evinced no disposition to come to any terms, but on the condition, that the recent treaties by which themselves or their fathers had conveyed land to the United States should be annulled, and all the whites should retire east of the Ohio River. Many threats were made by them against the lives of the United States commissioners, the Friends, and others in attendance, if this was not granted them. Jacob Lindley, after hearing of some of the threats, remarks, "Truly, the pressure of murdering, dark, blood-thirsty spirits, from day to day, is exceedingly heavy, always requiring us to watch and pray, that we may be furnished with the whole armor of light."

On the 10th Captain Bluejacket and some other Indians visited them. In relation to these oppor-

tunities, Jacob Lindley wrote, " We painfully feel the want of suitable interpreters. Many understand their language; but our sentiments being generally peaceful, serious, and religious, so opposite to those held by persons qualified to serve us, that what they delivered, appeared to be with shame and reluctance. This put it out of our power fully to relieve our minds. My mental powers often centered in secret intercession to the Preparer of hearts, that the travail of my spirit might be conveyed through such channels, to their advantage and edification, as may best consist with his wisdom and power. As our minds were bowed and patiently waded under it, there evidently appeared a seriousness at times to impress their countenances.

" We had interviews to-day with several Indians, Munseys, Shawnees, and Delawares, to some satisfaction. They appeared pleased with our motives in coming. This afternoon, I visited a young woman, educated at Newport, Rhode Island. Her father's name was William Foster. She went from home, contrary to her father's will, with one Molay, an officer in St. Clair's army. He was killed in the defeat of 1790, and she taken prisoner by the Indians, who kept her eleven months. She then got off, and has since lived at Detroit, and by her conduct, evinced that she was not thankful

enough for the many mercies and great deliverances wrought for her. Latterly, she has been taken with epileptic fits, of which she frequently has divers in a day. The intervals of health are filled with bemoanings and cries for mercy. Notwithstanding, it appeared to me to be the chastening hand of judgment laid upon her, yet my sympathy was touched, to consider if she was my child, poor, and quite destitute of friends able to comfort her; how should I feel? Oh! saith my soul, that the multiplied, mournful instances, recited in the catalogue of rebellion and disobedience to parents, might have the happy effect to induce young people, early to seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, so would they be preserved out of snares, temptations, and beds of anguish and sorrow, the sure rewards of sin and disobedience.

13th.—“A small vessel arrived from Fort Erie, which brought letters from my wife, M. Miller, brother J—— L—— and Jonathan and Rumford Dawes, all fraught with love, and instructive communication. This was a joyous feast to my mind, and as marrow to my bones, ministering much consolation and encouragement, and animating with increasing fervency and dedication, to encounter the difficulties of our wilderness journey, with the varied conflicts and perils attendant thereon. We also received three general epistles, one from James

Pemberton, one from John Pemberton, and one from Henry Drinker, all dated about the sixth of Sixth Month, 1793, which were mutually comforting and strengthening to our little band. To find and feel the help, sympathy, and travail of the spirits of our friends at home, was like the consecrating oil to each of us.

17th.—“No admission being apparent into the Indian country, as the best expedient, we concluded to send by Captain Elliott, Friend’s address, accompanied by a short epistle of our own, to the Indians; also, a letter to Colonel McKee. We remain daily exercised in a patient, fervent travail, that the supreme Controller of events, may bring to pass his hidden purposes, according to his own sacred determination, to the exaltation of his own great name, in these dark regions of violence, murder, and licentiousness of almost every kind. The awful language of the Most High to a backsliding people formerly, has frequently impressed my mind, as applicable to the inhabitants of these countries, with some few exceptions. ‘My soul loathed them and their soul also abhorred me.’

24th.—“A solemn morning; my mind composed, and engaged in mental aspirations to the supreme Controller of events, that He might be pleased to bless our endeavors to promote the glory and honor of his own great name, the advantage of our coun-

try, the peace of nations, and of individuals. In which I beheld, that so long as we dwelt only on the surface and superficialities of important subjects, in a chain of carnal reasoning, and in the fogs and mists of earthly wisdom and human policy, we are in danger of making errors in judgment, and of viewing the agents of distress, as the primary cause of evil.

By tracing effects to their causes, and weighing actions in the equal and unalterable scales of justice and truth, I believe we shall center in prospect with the inspired penman. 'Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground.' Is there not a cause? Consider, yea, awfully contemplate the decree of Him 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,' and before whom all nations are but as the drop of a bucket. 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' When I view the dreadful scenes of barbarity, attendant on the African slave trade, and its train of concurrent circumstances, my soul is almost overwhelmed with discouragement. Judgment is the Lord's, and He surely will repay. Have the Indians burned houses; murdered men, women, and children; be-

trayed their friends; carried away into captivity and bondage, old and young, male and female; and cruelly burned and tortured others; lurked privily for prey; shot down men at their ploughs, and travellers on the road? Yea, they have; until the rehearsal of many of their horrid scenes of barbarity, has agitated, shocked, and almost convulsed every nerve.

“But, what shall I say? How are my feelings wounded, on being constrained to contrast these reproaches to humanity, with the conduct of civilized, professing Christian nations? In which I lament, our own government (in most respects superlatively excellent) is obliged to take a share. Vessels fitted out, commanded by men with hearts callous to the feelings of humanity, and deaf to her cries, which repair to the African coast, stir up war, burn towns, kill, catch, and carry captive, indiscriminately; these poor and as to them, unoffending people—bring them to distant and different cities and towns, ringing with calls to worship, sounding with hymns and psalms from stately temples, where they offer their devotion to the universal Parent, who hath revealed his will in the language ‘Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God’—professing to believe in the Divine Law Giver, whose statute is, ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.’

Instead, whereof they are sold like beasts, at market; separated, husband from wife, children from parents, without regard to the tenderest ties of natural affection; often put under unfeeling whippers, and cruel taskmasters, where they are frequently starved or whipped to death—and if they run away, and are caught, they have been hung without trial or jury. Some who had procured their liberty, have been hunted with horses and dogs, and shot down. While such enormities are in the land, and winked at by the rulers, shall we not lay our mouths in the dust, with this language impressed on our minds, ‘Oh, Lord! just, and true, and righteous are thy judgments.’ I cannot omit remarking the joy we feel at the escape of a captive white, from among the Indians. Yet what a stir when a negro slave attempts his liberty, advertisements printed, and rewards offered to take him, alive or dead.”*

Jacob Lindley states that the Assembly of Upper Canada had just had the subject of emancipating the negroes before them, and observes, “So strong was the opposition from motives of interest, they could carry the subject no further, than liberty at twenty-five years of age, to all born after this date. Which account increased my exercise for the lamentable state of mankind. Blood touching

* What a contrast to all this [now in 1893] has been effected by the abolition of slavery in the United States.

blood, mingled with tears of the oppressed, whose groans ascend to the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. While others live on their labors, in voluptuousness, ease and pride, spending days and nights in reveling, feasting, fiddling, dancing, drunkenness, debauchery and abominable conversation. On which account, I do believe, the earth and its inhabitants will be made to tremble, and the ears of many be made to tingle.”*

On the twenty-seventh of this month the Friends had an earnest conversation with some of the officers of the army on the subjects of slavery, war, swearing and debauchery. Jacob Lindley makes the following remarks relative to this opportunity: “When men are closely pinched, I find their nearest way to get rid of a difficulty, is a denial of the Scriptures, to turn deists, and explain away the weighty parts of the moral law.” It is not wonderful that men who are living in the indulgence of the fleshly appetites should desire to disbelieve the truth of that religion, which calls for purity of heart, for purity of life, for a constant walking in fear and reverence before God.

On First-day, the twenty eighth of Seventh Month our Friends walked three miles, and were

* How wonderfully this prophecy has been fulfilled in the late war of the Rebellion, which was the death of slavery in the United States.

taken in a canoe three miles further to attend a meeting on Gros Isle. From fifty to sixty persons were present, who behaved with a becoming propriety. Jacob Lindley, says of the meeting, "We were favored to feel an evidence of the simplicity, purity and spirituality of the gospel dispensation, which I hoped was preached to them in the pure disinterested love thereof. We returned with peaceful minds and thankful hearts. After meeting a woman said, she blushed to tell me, that the preceding evening, she joined with others, in condemning us as wolves in sheep's clothing; but she was now fully convinced, that what she had been seeking abroad amongst forms and shadows, was to be found at home in her own heart; and hoped to retain a thankful remembrance of the mercy vouchsafed to her that day; adding, she did not lament her troubles and exercises, which were great, seeing they had, at length, brought her to the discovery of the way of life. Many others, I believe were reached this day."

The comfort felt by Friends after this meeting was not of long duration; that evening the Indians, instigated by some of the whites engaged in a dance. Round and round they danced with grunting, barking, and at intervals screaming and hallowing—the war dance, the peace dance, the scalping dance, etc.—which they continued till nearly mid-

night, frequently regaling themselves with spirits. This conduct, considering the solemn importance of our business, proved very exercising to my mind, and almost overwhelmed me with discouragement."

Among the officers of the army was one much addicted to profane swearing, and who was living a licentious life. The Friends in the freedom of the Truth told him of his sins, pointed out to him his degraded course of life, and the danger he stood in, of eternal punishment. He said in reply, he thought no harm would ensue to him for his conduct, for though they might "think it very strange, he never lay down, drunk or sober, without saying his prayers." Our blessed Saviour had occasion to query when personally on earth, "Why call ye me Lord! Lord! and do not the things which I say." Such language might be addressed to many other professing Christians, as well as to the poor, drunken, swearing, licentious, prayer-repeating officer, mentioned above. Little good will it do for us to acknowledge our sins in word, and ask daily for forgiveness for our trespasses, if we continue in them. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Eighth Month 1st, "I awoke about daybreak; soon after, I heard ten reports of a rifle, one after

another, in the Indian camp; which was one for each nation that had signed the written Indian embassy, from the council at the Rapids. About eight o'clock, fifteen of them came over, and informed, they were prepared to speak to the Commissioners; who soon seated themselves; when the old king, who spoke before, said, "Brothers, we want to be at peace with you; but you tell us you have had treaties there, and there, and there, and purchased lands on this side the Ohio; but there has been no treaty since the treaty of Fort Stanwix, twenty-five years ago, till now. We are the owners of these lands, and we never sold the lands, and they are ours on this side Ohio, and yours on the other side Ohio. You may go home and tell Washington what we speak. We understand all you said to us, very well. We expect you understand us." They then arose, and stepped off a few perches, and spoke together, when one found he had made a mistake, in saying we might go home, and desired the Commissioners to wait, till they could go to the Council and return with an answer; which they supposed might be accomplished in five days. We felt some willingness to accompany them, but the Indians not requesting it, and others not appearing desirous for it, we had to resign it. However, we forwarded our Address and a short epistle to the Indians.

The Address thus alluded to, is as follows:

"To the Indians living on the Northwestern and Western borders of the United States, and all others whom this writing may concern :

"Brothers :—Hearken to the speech which your friends, called Quakers, assembled in Philadelphia from several parts of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, etc., now send to you by their brethren, John Parrish, William Savery, John Elliott, Jacob Lindley, Joseph Moore, and William Hartshorne.

"Brothers :—When our grandfathers came with Onas over the great waters, to settle in this land, more than one hundred years ago, they kindled a large council fire with your grandfathers, and sat together around it in much good will and friendship, smoking the calumet pipe together ; and they told your grandfathers that they were men of peace and desired to live among you in peace and love, and that their children might also be careful, always to live in the same love, one with another, as brothers of the same family. This council fire was kept burning, with a clear flame, many years, which gave a good light to all around the country, and the chain of friendship which was made at the same time, was kept clean from rust by our fathers and your fathers ; until about forty years ago, an evil spirit whispered bad stories in the ears of some of your people, and of some of the white people,

so that the light of the ancient council fire was almost put out, and the old chain of friendship was made dull and rusty.

“Brothers:—Our grandfathers told your grandfathers, that the Great and Good Spirit who made them and all people, with a design that they might live on this earth for a few years, in love and good will one toward another, had placed his law in the hearts of all men, and if they carefully attended to its inward voice, it would keep them in love and friendship, and teach them to shun everything that would occasion them to trouble and hurt one another.

“Brothers:—Do you not find that after you have been angry and quarrelsome, or done any bad action, you are made uneasy and sorrowful; and that when you are sober and serious, and do good actions, your minds feel pleasant, easy and comfortable? It is the law from the Good Spirit, who is all love, and who placed it in your hearts, which gives you such peace and comfort when you do well, but when you do evil things, it reproves you and makes you feel uneasy and sad.

“Brothers:—We wish you to consider and remember, that the Great Spirit sees and knows all the thoughts of your hearts, and of the hearts of all mankind, and all their actions. And when their bodies die, such men, of all colors and all

nations, who have loved, served and obeyed the holy law of the Good Spirit, placed in their hearts, He will receive their souls which are never to die, and they will live with Him in joy and peace forever; but the souls of bad men, who have lived wickedly in this world, must live, after their bodies die, with the bad spirit, in a state of distress and misery.

“Brothers:—We make profession of the same principles with our grandfathers, which teach us to love you and all men; and in that love we feel our minds drawn to send you this speech, with a great desire for your good. We were made glad when we heard that the sober, good people among you were disposed to promote peace and brighten the old chain of friendship, with the white people of the United States; and that many of you have a desire that you may be instructed in tilling the ground, and to live after the manner of the white people, which we believe you will find to be more comfortable for you and your families, than to live only by hunting; and we think it will also be good for your young people to be learned to read and write, and that sober, honest, good men should be sent among you for teachers.

“Brothers:—We have often told some of your chiefs when we have had the opportunity of taking them by the hand, in this city, that we are not con-

cerned in the management of the affairs of government, which are under the direction of the President of the United States and his counsellors, but that we should at all times be willing to do anything in our power to promote love and peace.

“Brothers:—We greatly desire that the Commissioners who are now sent by the President, and also your counsellors and chiefs, may look up to the Great Spirit, for his wisdom and help, that you may all be made wise and strong to light up the council fire, and brighten the chain of old friendship, that all things may be settled to satisfaction, and a lasting peace established, so that there may be no more difference or war between your people and the inhabitants of these States.

“We desire you may receive our friends by whom we send this writing, in love, as brothers who are disposed to encourage you in all good things. And, in the ancient love which our grandfathers felt for each other, we salute you, wishing you happiness in this life and that which is to come, and remain your friends and brothers.

“Signed by forty-four Friends.

“PHILADELPHIA, Fourth Month 19th, 1793.”

On the sixth of the Eighth Month, Jacob Lindley, thus wrote: “Last night, the mosquitoes exceeded anything of the kind I ever experienced.

Universal complaint was murmured through the camp this morning, by both house, tent and ship lodgers; by which it appeared, the attack was general."

On the same day, while the Friends were sitting in the parlor, at a sumptuous dinner, and some of the English officers and others present were drinking wine and indulging in merriment—"The awful language of mortality" was uttered in the kitchen. A poor, emaciated Pawnee slave, named Toby, was passing through the last struggles of his earthly existence, and the bands of life were breaking one by one." Jacob Lindley says, "our beloved friend, Joseph Moore, attended him in his last moments, travelling with him in Christian sympathy, I trust to the staying of his mind, in this solemn period." Such tender commiseration for a poor slave, was not participated in by the men of war, and their convivial guests assembled—and perhaps was scarcely understood by them. Jacob Lindley tells us that—some of them treated this last painful conflict and momentous change taking place in the same house, with as much indifference as if only a caterpillar had been bruised. After dinner, he retired about thirty perches into a garden, where the loud peals of laughter, which could easily have been heard half a mile, were truly distressing. He had not learned so to wrap him-

self up in the cloak of selfishness, as to keep out of sympathy with the sickness, the sufferings, the wrongs of others. Participating, through regeneration, of the nature of his Divine Master, he in a measure, partook of the afflictions which pressed upon those around him, and he could not but be bowed in awful prostration of feeling, whilst a poor brother worm of the dust, yet an immortal spirit, was passing into a state of eternal wretchedness and anguish unutterable, or through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was being translated into unspeakable, never ending blessedness. He could not forbear remonstrating with one of the British officers, relative to the manner in which they were acting on this solemn occasion. The answer he received will serve to illustrate the cold selfishness of the human heart, where grace is not at work, and where the tender, natural feelings, have been made torpid by a brutalizing, heart hardening profession. Thus spoke the man of war "One of my brother officers whom I loved dear as my life, was departing lately ; I went to him, and bid him farewell. 'Poor fellow, God help you,' and returned to drink wine."

The Pawnee slave being liberated by death from his captivity and earthly sufferings, the body left behind was to be got out of sight as soon as possible. A few boards being nailed together, about

sunset of the same day, the corpse was put in, and attended to the grave on the river bank by about sixty persons, including Indians and negroes. Joseph Moore preached his funeral sermon.

It now became pretty evident to Friends, that a satisfactory treaty could not at this time be concluded with the Indians, who doubtless had injudicious advisers. There were many things about the place where Jacob Lindley and his companions were, calculated to try the feelings of all true lovers of the human race. So much gross wickedness of all kinds among the whites—so much drunkenness among the Indians—and so many things which seemed to indicate a likelihood of war, with all its scenes of blood and misery. In addition to which the place was becoming unhealthy. A number of the Indians died, and several of the Friends were quite unwell.

Eighth Month 10th.—“Last evening several of the Indians who arrived in the morning, came to us much disguised with liquor, and wanted more, which not being granted, they became rather sulky, rude and insolent. One of them, who called himself Captain Hermaunus, laid hold of me, partly in jest, squeezed me hard, and said, ‘You, Quaker! You my brother!’ However, with the trouble of the Indians, and a host of mosquitoes, I don’t know that I slept ten minutes during the night.

“We dined this day on a masquenungy, which weighed eighteen pounds, a very delicious fish. It was speared by an Indian. Lake Erie abounds with sturgeons, so plentifully that a couple of men have taken more than a ton weight before breakfast. It is said they originated from four of that species having been put in, above the Falls, by a French officer; before which, it is reported, none were to be found above the great falls.”

15th.—“Three Wyandots came to our camp, and reported they had received accounts from the Indian council, that they had at length agreed to invite us to the council. This day my head felt much disordering, occasioned, I suppose, by getting wet in our tent by rain just as we lay down. William Savery poorly, Jasper Parrish very ill, also Horatio Jones and Joseph Moore complaining.”

16th.—Jacob Lindley made this note in his journal, “My mind much tossed, looking towards home, then to the Yearly Meeting.* I took a walk down the river, where I erected a seat under the spreading boughs of a buttonwood, of whose branches and broad leaves I made a carpet, and sat myself down. I contemplated the tranquil abode of our first parents in the garden, and felt happy for a moment, which was succeeded by the reflection on Jonah’s gourd. I felt a necessity to breathe

*The Yearly Meeting was then held in the Ninth Month.

for the approach of that peaceful and blessed day when every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make him afraid."

The afternoon of the day in which he made the above note, two Wyandots brought the ultimatum of the Indians, which designated the Ohio River as the boundary between them and the whites. This demand was supposed to have been made at the instigation of the English, who were in attendance. The Indians, at several different treaties, had conveyed portions of land west of the Ohio to the United States, and many settlements had already been made thereon. This, of course, the advisers of the Indians must have known, would prevent the United States accepting the Indian proposition. On them lay, therefore, in part at least, the responsibility of the blood spilled, the devastations committed in the consequent war, when Wayne ravaged the Indian country, burned up their villages, and destroyed their crops.

On the 17th, the Friends and some of the United States Commissioners and officers went on board a vessel bound to Fort Erie. Jacob Lindley says, "My mind felt sorrowful in reflecting on the important subject of our journey. On turning my mind to consider if we had omitted anything we might have done, or that might be done, nothing appeared to give uneasiness. I therefore felt satis-

fied in leaving it to the Lord, who judgeth righteously, and, with joy, turned my eye homeward, willing to leave a settlement so greatly dissipated with every species of iniquity, that they appear to live almost without law, morality or religion."

Of this embassy and its disappointing result, J. Heckewelder, in his narrative, says, "There were also six respectable members of the Society of Friends on this embassy, who voluntarily, and at their own expense, accompanied the Commissioners on this peace errand, whose sole object was that of being instrumental in putting an end to the effusion of so much human blood. The disappointment, therefore, was, to us all, a distressing one. The poor savages, some time after, had to pay dear for having suffered themselves to be thus misled."

General Wayne, in Eighth Month, 1794, marched an army into their country, and on the 20th of that month, in a general engagement at the rapids of the Miami, completely routed them. J. Heckewelder further observes, "The Indians, seeing and acknowledging their error, said, 'Since we would not listen to the messengers of peace sent us by the great general, Washington, but treated them contemptuously, he has sent out a suckach-gook (black snake) amongst us to punish us.' Suckach-gook is the Delaware name for black snake, which they called General Wayne, saying he possessed all the

art and cunning of that reptile. The Friends and myself paid a visit to the Indian congregation at Fairfield, on the Thames River, about seventy miles east or northeast of Detroit. Finding them deficient in provisions, the Friends generously made them a present of one hundred dollars."

At Fort Erie the Friends separated. William Savery and William Hartshorne returned with the United States Commissioner, Lincoln, intending to travel as much as they could by water. John Elliott, Joseph Moore, John Parrish and Jacob Lindley, came home on horseback.

On the first of the Ninth Month, being in the west end of the State of New York, Jacob Lindley wrote, "A little after sunset we turned out our horses at the east end of the great plains, kindled a fire, and began to model a tent, when sable clouds obscured the azure sky and made an awful appearance, which was soon succeeded by tremendous peals of thunder, boisterous wind and heavy rain. Many trees were blown down. We stood exposed to the vehemence of the elements, without any shelter, not daring to stand by trees, for fear of lightning. It lasted nearly three hours, then cleared away."

It was on this occasion, it is believed, that the following incident occurred: John Elliott, who was a remarkably innocent minded man, and a faithful

minister of the gospel, expressed some uneasiness at the danger they were in, as the lightning was flashing so sharply about them. "Never mind, John," Jacob said. "If thou art struck, thou wilt go right straight to heaven." He thus finishes his description of the scene, "After this dreadful storm was over, we renewed our fire, which was almost extinguished by the rain, lay down on the wet ground in our wet clothes, contemplated the wondrous beauty of our spangled canopy, and rested some."

On the second of the Ninth Month he describes the land they had been passing through. "Resumed our journey through a swampy, dreary wilderness, for above twenty miles, interspersed with some ridges of very rich land. Passed over a fine stream for water-works, where the water pitches off a limestone rock six or seven feet at once. The banks are low and rich. Some time after, passed over about ten miles of plains, in which is a curious spring, covering an acre and a half. The fall from it is rapid. Then passed through an Indian village, on the flats of the Genesee River, which exceeds any land I have seen, for richness. The grass, peavines and thistles, higher than a man's head on horseback. Thousands of acres fit for mowing, of which a great deal is cut, and makes excellent fodder, the pods and peas contributing thereto." That night they lodged at Berry's, a settlement on the

bank of the Genesee. Of this place he says, "Here many Indians resort. One old woman [whose age is] supposed to exceed one hundred years. I admired her gray head. She said she was always kind and good, and always against quarrels, therefore, God had spared her to see the sun a long time."

The Friends passed on homewards, sometimes finding accommodations for the night at settlements, sometimes stopping at deserted bark cabins, sometimes lying on the ground in wet clothes. On the sixth, they intended to have reached the block-house, about eleven miles from the Tioga River, but the latter part of the road was difficult, and evening overtook them. Jacob Lindley says, "The night proved very dark, and the pine timber so high and shady, that we could not make our way. After alighting and scrabbling for some distance through the mud, bushes, &c., we were obliged to give up the idea of reaching the stage. We tied the horses to the bushes. They were very hungry, as we were ourselves, also. John Parrish struck fire, which, with much difficulty, we augmented into a blaze, blundering in the dark for wood, and at length got a comfortable fire. We lay down in our wet blankets and clothes, and it having rained the most of the preceding day, the ground was moist." The next day, "rose early, all in health."

About the middle of the Ninth Month, he reached

his home, having been absent on this toilsome journey about four months and a half.

Mary Armit, a valuable elder of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, was an aunt to Jacob Lindley's wife, and for her many estimable qualities was much beloved and respected in their family circle. Her maiden name was Emlen. She was born in the year 1708, and in the Eighth Month, 1728, she was married to that sound Friend and faithful laborer in many Monthly, Quarterly, and Yearly Meeting appointments, John Armit. Having, in early life, submitted to the cross of Christ, she was qualified for usefulness in the church in her comparatively youthful days. She long occupied the station of overseer with faithfulness and dedication to the good of others, and doubtless to the lasting benefit of her own soul.

She was introduced into the meeting of ministers and elders in the year 1748, being then forty years of age, and during the rest of her long life, being eighty-three years old at the time of her death, she conscientiously endeavored to fulfil the duties devolving upon her, as an elder in the church, concerned for the maintenance of pure gospel ministry in the simplicity and efficacy of the Truth. She was exemplary in her deportment, weighty in her spirit, and concerned to dwell in an inward, close abiding with the root of life. Here she learned to

know the voice of Truth, to receive therefrom a just judgment of the offerings made by way of ministry, and a true qualification to administer suitable reproof, counsel or encouragement.

About the commencement of the year 1791, Mary Armit's health failed, and it became evident that her close was drawing near. A letter from J—— D——, of Philadelphia to Jacob Lindley, giving information of the weakness of their aunt, drew forth the following reply :

NEW GARDEN, Second Month 11th, 1791.

Esteemed Brother :—Thy favor by J—— R—— came to hand the day after its date. The serious contents concerning our dear worthy aunt's weak condition of body, occasioned many solemn reflections respecting her critical state, and our own certain and unremitting progress towards eternity. The breathing of my spirit is, that we may be also ready, as I do assuredly believe, is the happy experience of our justly endeared and truly honorable relation, who, I have often thought, approached as near the state of angelic perfection, as most in this state of being. Her life of strict piety and unaffected devotion, in such a proving season, must be a support, infinitely beyond all human succor. I feel not a bitter pang respecting her change, having no doubt, it will be unspeakably glorious.

In all these events, if the creature could be so subjected as to say, in the Lord's sight "Thy will be done," it would well consist with our duties to a Supreme Disposer of events. The loss, on our dear aunt's removal, whether now or at a future period, will be to us who remain. Her company and friendship were sweet, and truly sincere. Out of the militant church a pillar and princess will be removed. Where? To unite with the triumphant host of saints, angels and spirits of the just, unceasingly to sing Hosanna to God and the Lamb, who is worthy to receive it, both now and forever.

Mary Armit was favored, amid many pains and distresses of body, to feel the supporting hand of her Saviour underneath, confirming her faith, and comforting her soul with a sensible evidence of his presence. In the sense of his providential care and love over her, all her life long, she was frequently led to break forth into praises, for his merciful judgments, as well as for his sustaining mercies.

At one time she said, "I have had many low seasons, which the Lord only knew. I hope He will be with me to the end, and preserve me in the patience." To one who inquired how she felt, she answered "Very low; I am going to leave you; but I feel a calm; I think I may say, a sweet calm. I believe I am going to peace." She called to a young woman by name, who was present, and who

on the ground of religious conviction, had recently been received amongst Friends, and said to her "Hold fast thy profession; thou hast bought the Truth: don't thou sell it. If thou keeps near it, it will preserve thee, and do great things for thee."

At one time she exclaimed "Sweet Jesus, come. I give thee thanks for the multitude of thy mercies. Holy Father, preserve the young generation, that they may stand in awe before thee; bring them up in thy pure fear, that they may see the vanities of this world, and the beauty of true religion." Being under some inward trial, she said, "Oh how the enemy comes in like a flood, but the spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him. Great peace have all they that love the divine law, and nothing shall offend them." On another occasion, she sweetly uttered, in firm yet humble faith, "I can say with David, Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil."

Her articulation failed so much towards the close, that she spoke with difficulty. Yet it was evident that her faith and her confidence grew brighter. She feebly uttered the glad tidings; "He hath brought me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me is love." Almost the last articulate sounds heard from her lips were, "It is all peace,

it is all joy, for evermore." Thus, in the undoubted assurance that a mansion of eternal rest and peace was prepared for her, she tranquilly breathed her last.

Shortly after his return from Canada in the Ninth Month, 1793, Jacob Lindley proceeded to Philadelphia, to attend the Yearly Meeting. The yellow fever was raging with fearful violence in that city, but the knowledge of this did not release our valiant warrior in the Lamb's army, from the belief that it was his duty to attend at that time. During the sittings of the meeting, his mind, with that of many others, was lifted up above fear, so that he could rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of his salvation.

About the beginning of the Ninth Month, 1797, being informed that the yellow fever had again broken out in Philadelphia, his mind was drawn in affectionate nearness to his brother and sister, J. and A. Dawes, who resided there. On the third of the Ninth Month, he thus wrote to them:

Beloved Brother and Sister:—My inmost feelings have often been exercised—and my spirit has been drawn in near sympathy towards you, with others of my beloved friends, resident in the long highly favored, sumptuous metropolis—since the awakening sound of this second awful trumpet has reached my ears. But what shall we say? Is it not a dis-

pensation from that unerring hand, who doeth all things right? At whose sovereign beck, ten thousand times ten thousand ministering angels wait the execution of his Almighty decree? His bowels of compassionate mercy endure forever. When a proud and rebellious people are humbled to hear the rod, and Him who hath appointed it; then I assuredly believe, the Son of Righteousness will arise, with healing in his wings, and turn the sound and shadow of death into a glorious morning; when the stars shall sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.

The sacred declaration was, that the Lord of Hosts would be sanctified in righteousness, and exalted in judgment. Truly great and marvellous are his works, who shall not fear him, saith my soul. How suddenly hath that great and populous city, almost equally the envy and admiration of kingdoms and nations, become a terror to its own inhabitants! How contrasted the prospect must appear in the southern parts, especially where the throng of busy merchants resorted, and the adventurous mariners disburdened their deeply laden vessels; now the yellow flag, and other ensigns of sickness and mortality. I need not expatiate upon these obvious occurrences to those, who, doubtless have more deeply pondered the affecting subject, and I trust have experienced, proportionate to the

trials of the day, the fulfilling of that scripture testimony, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." The name of the Lord, which is his power, remains unalterably a strong tower and refuge for the righteous.

I thought I never more fully experienced the weight and force of a sentence or two, divinely fraught with consolation to the Church of Christ, and I believe to every baptized member, than when, in Philadelphia, in the Ninth Month, 1793, "Thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear, and from terror, for it shall not come near thee." May your minds be supported and rightly directed, in this truly alarming crisis, has been my request on your behalf; whether to stay or to go, I cannot undertake to determine. I humbly hope the Shepherd of Israel will availingly care for you, direct and keep you as under the hollow of his hand, until his indignation be overpast.

You have loved his righteous law and hated iniquity. This may now be your consolation. I know day unto day uttereth a deep language, and night unto night bringeth close searchings of heart. I feel comforted that your situation as to worldly matters, will make it more eligible for you than for thousands who have departed the city. None but your two selves, and brother's business

prudently contracted into narrow bounds, so that if religious duty does not bind you to stay, I see but little in your way. We have long anxiously desired a visit from you. Perhaps now is the right time. This I know, I feel the fresh unfolding of endearing love to flow towards you, that does truly open heart and house to your acceptance, if it might be for months, or your lifetime. I feel myself your debtor divers ways, but I trust the sure and strong foundation is that love which is only derived from our Father which is in heaven.

I deeply feel for that important, essential branch of our Christian testimony which relates to the public worship of Almighty God. May his unsearchable wisdom, his sustaining arm, preserve the ark of the testimony from falling before the Philistines.

The prospect looks very solemn, in contemplating the attendance of our approaching annual solemnity. Only this remains: Times and seasons are in the hands of Him, who can do great things that we look not for, in a short time.

Many have left the city. Those who remain are, doubtless, generally much humbled. Perhaps the mortality may not be so great as in the former visitation. The impressions of my mind encourage a hope of that kind.

A number of Friends having settled in Canada, many of whom were from the limits of Exeter Monthly Meeting, Pa., the meetings established there were considered as belonging to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. In 1797, at the time when the yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, a committee was appointed by the Yearly Meeting to visit the Friends in Canada.

Of this committee, Jacob Lindley was one. He left home on the thirteenth of the Tenth Month, in company with James Wilson, and they were that evening joined by Joshua Sharpless. The next day the three Friends proceeded to the house of Thomas Lightfoot, at Maiden Creek. Here they attended meeting on the fifteenth, where they were owned of the Master, and refreshed together. Here they met Oliver Paxson and James Langstaff, two other members of the committee. Jacob Lindley says, "After a short time spent in religious retirement at our kind Friends', John and Eunice Starr's, we set out, five in number, accompanied by our friend, Samuel Lee, as a guide, and pursued our journey up the various windings of the Schuylkill, up hill and down, and by the side of the Blue Mountain, viewing the awful works of the Almighty, in the great display of his wisdom and power in the visible creation."

16th.—"Set out early, and rode over the second

Blue Ridge, Tuscarora, Locust, Mahoning, Broad, and Little Mountains, and so passed into Roaring Creek Valley, in view frequently of majestic, high, towering mountains and deep valleys, the most of the way very stony, and tiresome for man and beast, yet somewhat alleviated by the wonderfully variegated prospect of nature's capacious garden, far exceeding Solomon's architecture in all its glory."

Passing through Catawissa, Fishing Creek and Muncy, they, on the 18th, reached the house of a man by the name of Kyle. Jacob says of him, "Our dexterous landlord had lately faced a wounded bear, that was in full pursuit of him. He jumped over a large log, and when the bear rose upon it, he turned and struck him in the breast with his knife and killed him." The journey of the Friends was attended by many discomforts.

18th.—"We travelled a rich valley for seven or eight miles, then ascended and descended several formidable Allegheny hills, over mire and stone, and around about huge trees that had been blown up by the roots, eighteen miles to the Block House. Descending Tioga Branch, our road was much improved, through exceeding rich valleys, amid as high, towering pines and hemlocks as I ever beheld. The man where we lodged said, he had measured them upwards of two hundred feet in height. After

ascending and descending a very formidable spur of the Allegheny Mountain, we arrived at Dolson's, on Mud Creek. Lodged there, and next morning set out very early, and rode five miles, to William Kersey's, to breakfast. His house is on the bank of Bath Lake, remarkable for having no inlet or outlet, covering about forty acres, always clear, and abounding with fish, having about twenty-five or thirty feet depth of water. Proceeded to Bath, a thriving village. Had an interview with Judge Williamson, and entered my protest against horse-racing and exhibition of plays, which were commencing there. Tarried all night at Thomas Lee's—a kind Friend's family.

22nd.—“ Being First-day, we had a meeting with the family and about twenty or thirty friendly people, to a good degree of satisfaction. On the twenty-fourth, we visited Nathan Comstock's family. He had six goodly children. Proceeded to Abraham Lapham's, and had a solid opportunity in his family. Next day, had a meeting at Nathan Herrinden's, which was attended by forty or fifty solid people, and ended to a good degree of satisfaction; though the life and power of the gospel did not rise so high as I have experienced at some times. Returned to Nathan Comstock's to lodge, and had a solid opportunity in the family. On Fifth-day had an appointed meeting at this place, where Truth

rose into a comfortable degree of dominion; for which our souls did praise the Lord our Helper. After the public meeting, we had the professors of Truth selected, with whom we had a close, searching season.

27th.—“ When we arrived at Genesee, no provender was to be had, so we had to turn aside to several farm-houses to seek horse-feed. After crossing the river it was late, and worse than that, we took a wrong path, just entering the wilderness, and rode a mile and a half, so had to return. It was raining, and we had seven miles to steer along a small path, sometimes hard beset to make it out, to a very smoky cabin, kept by a genteel German bachelor. Turned our horses out, and the floor was our bed.

28th.—“ Set out at break of day to encounter the waste, desert, howling wilderness. It snowed most of the day. The path was small through the woods, abounding with beech timber, the limber branches of which bowed across our path with the weight of snow, and wet us much, which made it very disagreeable. Added to this, twelve miles of the way was through swamps and sloughs of water, among roots and logs, terrifying to the horse and its rider to encounter. In the evening we got to firmer ground, and rode several miles. At length we perceived a large rock, under whose shadow we pro-

posed to take shelter for the night, having ridden upwards of forty miles. My horse lost a shoe just as we entered the miry road, and would not eat feed. It was an exceedingly discouraging, trying day to both body and mind. We attempted to get fire, but did not succeed."

This was the time, probably, when an incident occurred, which, however trying at the moment, was afterwards a source of some amusement, and perhaps instruction also. When preparing to kindle a fire, everything being covered with snow, it was very difficult to find suitable wood. At last a fire was struck, some partially dried things had been coaxed to kindle, and there seemed but little doubt that with care it might be enlarged, so as to make them comparatively comfortable. Whilst the little fire was slowly increasing, Jacob Lindley, who had in the woods lighted on a log of some size, which he thought might aid them in getting warmth for the night, placed it on his shoulders, and brought it where his companions were. A little proud of his success in finding such a treasure, and perhaps of his strength in carrying it without assistance, he threw it on the ground, exclaiming, "See what a man can do." Alas! for his pride, and their comfort. The log fell upon the burning wood, and utterly extinguished it. In vain they tried to rekindle it, every effort proved ineffectual, and they

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posed to take shelter for the night, having ridden upwards of forty miles. My horse lost a shoe just as we entered the miry road, and would not eat feed. It was an exceedingly discouraging, trying day to both body and mind. We attempted to get fire, but did not succeed."

This was the time, probably, when an incident occurred, which, however trying at the moment, was afterwards a source of some amusement, and perhaps instruction also. When preparing to kindle a fire, everything being covered with snow, it was very difficult to find suitable wood. At last a fire was struck, some partially dried things had been coaxed to kindle, and there seemed but little doubt that with care it might be enlarged, so as to make them comparatively comfortable. Whilst the little fire was slowly increasing, Jacob Lindley, who had in the woods lighted on a log of some size, which he thought might aid them in getting warmth for the night, placed it on his shoulders, and brought it where his companions were. A little proud of his success in finding such a treasure, and perhaps of his strength in carrying it without assistance, he threw it on the ground, exclaiming, "See what a man can do." Alas! for his pride, and their comfort. The log fell upon the burning wood, and utterly extinguished it. In vain they tried to re-kindle it, every effort proved ineffectual, and they

passed an uncomfortable night. The diary continues. "The snow blew in under the ledge of our venerable mansion, and the night being cold, made it truly a suffering season. I durst not look back to New Garden, the contrast was so great. Yet some discouraging thoughts would irresistibly dart in upon my mind, with a language, what if thou should die here, and return no more? But a small degree of sustaining faith was vouchsafed, to resign the will."

Cold, wet and uncomfortable, the Friends were glad to see the light of day, and to make an early start forward, though with tired and lame horses. But the journey this day proved more pleasant than that of the last. The next day they crossed into Canada, and reached the house of a Friend. Here they met with a kind reception, and their hearts glowed with thankfulness to the Lord, who had preserved them in the wilderness, and once more restored them to the comforts of life.

They had many comfortable meetings in Canada, and doubtless were well satisfied that the visit was in Divine appointment and had the Divine blessing. On the third of Eleventh Month they passed the great Falls. "The day being dark, smoky and wet, we made no stay to satisfy curiosity. But the transient view and awful voice impressed us with ideas of the majesty of heaven."

On the eighth, being again near by, "we went to see the great whirlpool, which is about three miles below the great cataract. At this formidable vortex the river makes a bend at a right angle, which, by the velocity of the rapids above, has washed the opposite bank into a marvellous cove of about thirty acres dimensions. The water appears immeasurably deep. The river below, containing and passing all the waters of the many northern lakes and mighty rivers, is contracted into a space perhaps not exceeding eighty yards in width, curbed by banks, no doubt one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular."

The same day they attended a meeting at two o'clock. Jacob Lindley says, "Several Friends and friendly people gave us their company, and I took my farewell of them in the feelings of the heavenly Father's love extended towards them, recommending them to the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the word of his grace, as the alone infallible teacher." The names of several families which were visited, are mentioned in the Journal. The next day, after an affectionate and tearful parting with their friends, the Journal says, "Rode past the great Falls, which excite wonder and astonishment as oft as viewed, and echo the voice that 'The Power who made and sustained us is Almighty.' The mist, ascending to the neighborhood

of the clouds, resembles the smoke of many furnaces, and the sound of the cataract, awful and profound as a mighty ocean, shakes the adjacent shores to a degree as to make windows and doors jar and rattle.

“On First-day, the 12th, a great fall of rain occasioned our remaining stationary, which was trying, more especially as we were within twelve miles of the little meeting at Black-Creek, where we had designed to tarry until Second-day. We have now been traversing these great woods and waters nearly two weeks; in which time we have not enjoyed one pleasant, clear day, and almost every other day, there has been some fall either of snow or rain.

“On Second-day, the 13th, we set out very early and rode four miles to Stony Creek, which overflowed its banks, and the road where we had to cross it was but a few perches above a very large falls, which had such a tremendous aspect that, on consulting one another, we deemed it most prudent to return to expensive lodgings at Buffalo Creek. The sun broke out, the clouds subsided, and the weather moderated, which was some mitigation of our disappointment and fruitless anxiety. The day seemed to pass as tardy as a long summer or harvest day. I walked up and down the lake. Many Indian chiefs and warriors, women and chil-

dren, are on the move to get the British annual presents. This evening we had an interview with Farmers Brother. He was accompanied by four other chiefs and Major Jack Berry, who interpreted. We pointed out the design of Friends in attempting to better the condition of the natives; at which he seemed pleased. I mentioned our apprehension that distilled spirits were extremely injurious to Indians, also to white people; withal, informing him that there were five of our company who had travelled several weeks through snow, rain and frost, and had not drunk one drop of it. He replied, 'he knew we drank no spirits, but that he did not know when he had enough.' He said much about the supremacy of the Great Spirit, and was anxious to know our opinion of the diurnal motion of the earth. This subject appeared to have puzzled him, as he did not understand the principles or power of attraction and gravitation, and he treated it as a false hypothesis, advancing as proof, that if the earth turned around every twenty-four hours, the lakes must be emptied. I told him those were subjects which belonged to learned and great men, but our concern was that love, and peace and good works might increase amongst all nations, for this would be pleasing to the Great Spirit. Such [as practised love, peace and good works] He loved and would make happy in another world, which, he said, was 'very good.' "

On the fourteenth, the Friends proceeded homeward. The stream which had turned them back the morning before, had now much less water in it, and although still worthy to be called "a very rapid, roaring creek," was readily passed by them. The next large stream, called Twelve Mile Creek, overflowed its banks, and "the roaring rapids had seventy feet fall in about forty perches below the fording place. This made it a serious subject to think of venturing to cross above them. They remained by the side of the stream until the afternoon, when a company of surveyors, who had come up, showed them that the stream could be forded half a mile below, where it divided into four branches. Jacob says, "thankful for the recent preservation, we pursued our route, and crossed another copious stream, but evening approaching, we had to look out for a place to encamp. At length, we passed a bark cabin occupied by twenty-one Indians. We got a brand out of their fire to kindle ours, and crossing a small stream, found a vacant cabin, then, tying our horses to the bushes, we kindled up a large fire in front, and lodged tolerably comfortable, notwithstanding the night was cold, attended by squalls of snow."

On the fifteenth, they reached Tonewanta, the largest of the streams in the wilderness they were passing through, and finding it not fordable, they

concluded to go eight miles around to an Indian village, where they could be ferried over. "After a tedious ride, we arrived there, and found about a dozen Indian houses and huts, containing about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, amongst them a Frenchman, who has an Indian wife. We purchased some corn and milk of him. He had a cobbling, small canoe, into which we put our saddles and baggage, and passed over, one at a time. We drove the poor, fatigued horses in, cold and snowy as it was, and they swam across the river, about forty yards over. With hearts devoted to return praise to the Preserver of men, the Lord, our mighty Helper, we resumed our route, contemplating the difficulties which our primitive worthies must have encountered in their first visits to Friends in America.

"Passed through a champaign country, abounding with vast poplars, bass wood, cherry, red oak, &c., and notwithstanding our detention at Tonewanta, we rode about thirty miles. Came to a bark house, and took up lodgings. Tied up our poor horses again, made up a fire, and composed ourselves as well as we could, the night very cold, and threatening snow. Next morning decamped early and travelled on till we crossed the Genesee River, and got to good lodgings. For which favor, with the many deliverances experienced in our var-

ied travels, my soul desires to return the tribute of thanksgiving and glory to the Supreme Controller of events. Many are the sufferings which travellers experience in these uncultivated parts.

“We passed and administered relief to a poor woman and four children, on the bank of a large creek, which they durst not pass by reason of the swell. They were out of money and out of bread, their horses lost, and the man away hunting them. She received our gratuity with many tears. After we had ridden about five miles, we overtook the horses, and got a man who accompanied us from Buffalo to take them back. We were touched with a feeling of sympathy for every fellow-creature under difficulty in these inhospitable wilds.

On the 19th, whilst riding through the wilderness, Jacob's mind would frequently turn to New Garden, it being the day of the Quarterly Meeting there. That night, he says, “Our lodging was on the floor, with our saddles for our pillows, and mush and milk for supper. Next morning rode ten miles to breakfast, then for twelve miles saw no human inhabitants, but that the country was inhabited by wolves, deer and bears their numerous paths in the snow abundantly evinced. For several days we met with no animal food but venison. We called at half-a-dozen houses to buy some bread to support us through the wilderness, but could not obtain a

single crumb, the inhabitants generally subsisting on mush, made of corn, beat in a mortar.

20th.—“We rejoiced to take our leave of the waters of the Tioga, having crossed it twelve times in twenty miles. We then encountered the rugged Allegheny Mountains, to the famed Block-House. We fed our horses and called for supper, which was thus served up.

“Coffee without cream, buckwheat cakes without butter, and venison broiled without gravy. I joined Joshua Sharpless in a wish for the fragments of our Quarterly Meeting dinner.” The next day they reached the hospitable mansion of Samuel Wallace, where they were courteously entertained, and could but contrast the comforts they enjoyed with those experienced at their late lodging-places. After attending meetings at Muncy, Fishing Creek, Catawissa, and Roaring Creek, to satisfaction, they proceeded to Chester County, and Jacob Lindley reached his home on the twenty-eighth of the Third Month, having been absent seven weeks, and travelled upwards of one thousand miles.

Some time after his return from this journey, he was on a religious visit in Carolina, and went to a meeting in a very low, discouraged condition of mind. As he watched the people come in, some of them making an uncouth appearance, the resem-

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5. 15

blance to "dry bones" occurred to him. An old man, very oddly dressed, entered the meeting, and soon after, a little shrivelled old woman, in a blue striped short gown. "More dry bones," he said to himself, but, surprised, he beheld her take the head of the women's gallery. After sitting a while in silence, during which the idea of "dry bones" still dwelt on Jacob's mind, the woman arose, with the text, "Son of Man, can these dry bones live?" Jacob, startled, struck his hand to his head, and as Eleanor Ballard (for that was the Friend's name) proceeded in her discourse, felt indeed that they could live.

Jacob Lindley had some conversation with the old man after meeting. He said that he had walked several miles to the meeting; that it began to rain after he started, and he borrowed the overcoat he wore, on his way. Jacob Lindley remarks, "I found he was a great deal better man than myself." In a conversation with Eleanor Ballard, she told him she lived very remotely, about two hundred miles from that meeting. She was then travelling with a female companion, and that at night they often turned their horses loose to graze, whilst they lay down on a blanket to rest. Jacob inquired if she had ever been in Philadelphia, and on her replying in the negative, he said, "Do, if the Lord will, come and see us at our Yearly Meeting."

Some time after, as he sat in the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders in Philadelphia, he saw her come in, and he heartily rejoiced thereat. When the meeting closed he was detained in the house, and thus could not speak to her. On First-day they probably did not attend the same meeting, and he did not see her. On Second-day, the Yearly Meeting of business having begun, they did not meet. In the meanwhile, Eleanor, having spoken closely against some practices, which being very different from those prevailing in the place of her residence, she could not reconcile with her ideas of consistency, met with some rebuke, which brought her under feelings of great discouragement. This discouragement preyed on her body. She fell sick, and left the city. Not long after her return home, she died. Jacob, after telling the occurrence, added, "and so I never saw the dear creature afterwards."

Jacob Lindley was noted for his genuine kindness, as well as warmth of feeling. A respectable mechanic, alluding to the hospitality which characterized them, during the life-time of his first wife, once said, "Their house is, in one respect, like the kingdom of heaven, no profession nor complexion being excluded."

He was fond of telling anecdotes, especially if a religious impression could be made by them. On

one occasion he narrated the following occurrence : A man who resided in his neighborhood undertook to burn the old, greasy hub of a wheel, in order to get the iron that was on it. He watched the flames curling in great beauty around the old wood, licking up the grease, and tar and all other impurities, and the impression was made upon his mind that thus would the Holy Spirit consume all the impurities of his nature, if he would submit to its operations. This reflection was raised in his mind by Him who in love seeketh that all his rational creatures should turn, repent and live. The heart of this hub-burner was effectually touched, and this incident was as the turning-point of his life. He became a religious man. "Oh !" exclaimed Jacob, after relating the circumstance, "oh ! that there were some more old hubs to burn."

Jacob Lindley, when a young man, was present at a meeting of Friends, when a proposition was considered, which he and his companion believed ought to have been adopted. But as a member of the meeting, who did not seem prepared with arguments against it, yet expressed he had scruples, the meeting, in deference to those unexplained scruples, laid the subject by for the present. After the meeting was over, Jacob and companion, being at a Friend's house, and thinking themselves alone, began to discuss what had taken place, expressing

their earnest disapprobation of the result, and treating the "scruples" of the Friend with little respect. While thus freely expressing themselves, Elizabeth Cole, a very small woman, though an able minister of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, rose up in the corner where she had been sitting unobserved, and thus addressed the startled fault-finders, "Young men, I know in the gross weight of millers, a scruple is of little account, but in the balance of the sanctuary, a scruple is a scruple!" Jacob Lindley could not but feel the clear-witted rebuke. He knew, and must have acknowledged it as a general truth, that it is not the magnitude of wordy reasonings, which should lead religious meetings into action, and that it is far more safe to wait on, and to suffer the restraints of secret feelings of uneasiness, which may not have, as yet, shaped themselves into logical arguments. The expression of uneasiness from the lips of one, who is an earnest seeker after the mind of the Spirit, is in truth as good and sufficient a reason as that person could offer.

When Jacob, in after life, related this anecdote, he used pleasantly to remark "that he never entered into free expression on the character, opinion or actions of others, without looking around to see if there was not a little "Betty in the corner."

Jacob Lindley lost his first wife, Hannah [Miller] in 1798; she had gone to attend the Yearly Meeting

in Philadelphia in that year, and soon after her return, having been taken with the prevailing (yellow) fever, she was called to receive the reward of a life of dedication to her heavenly Father's will. She was a minister of the gospel. A memorial respecting her was issued by New Garden Monthly Meeting, Pa., in which it is stated, that "during her stay in the city, she more than once observed that she had the reward of sweet peace in performing what she believed was required of her, having said to her husband, before they left home, "If thou and I, and many more, should fall in the attempt, the sacrifice is small compared with the testimony."*

His second marriage was with Ruth Anna Rutter, also a minister of the gospel.† She died in 1810. Jacob Lindley still continued zealously to labor for the good of others, and for the salvation of his own soul. The poor Africans continued to claim his tenderest sympathy, and to call forth his most energetic labors. He thus wrote, "Oh, surely I may say, I shudder, and the tears involuntarily steal from my eyes for my poor, oppressed, afflicted, tormented, black brethren, hunted, frightened to

* See Book of Memorials, issued by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and sold at 304 Arch street.

† A short account of this Friend has been published, and is for sale at Friends' Book Store, Philadelphia.

see a white man, torn from every source of comfort that is worth living for in this stage of being. The tears, the groans, the sighs of these, have surely ascended to the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and as a thick cloud, is awfully suspended over this land. I tenderly and tremblingly feel for poor masters involved in the difficulty. I am awfully awakened into fear for our poor country, with the language, "I gave her time and place to repent, but she repented not."

It was under the powerful ministry of Jacob Lindley, at London Grove Quarterly Meeting, that my honored ancestor, Philip Price, in his early manhood, was so affected as to induce him to remain at the close of the first meeting, when his gay associates left, desiring him to accompany them. He returned home by himself, already experiencing the precious feelings resulting from the resolution to take up the cross, and submit to the Divine will. Prior to this, contrary to the known wishes of his parents, he had so far deviated from the safe path in which they had desired to keep him, as to adopt a fashionable style of dress, and appeared to be starting in the broad way, when he was thus met with, and through the power of Divine grace, was enabled to turn right about, and by faithfully following this unerring Guide, became a useful, dignified, beloved elder in the church, and

was favored with a peaceful close.* He and his worthy companion, Rachel Price, a minister, were for several years acceptably engaged as Superintendent and Matron at Westtown Boarding School.

On the afternoon of the twelfth of Sixth Month, 1814, while at home, in Burlington, N. J., Sarah Dillwyn observed her husband, George Dillwyn, sitting with such a peculiar, awful expression of countenance, as to create an alarm in her affectionate heart. She immediately approached him, and in the kind carefulness of love, inquired what was the matter? In answering her question, he said, "He was very sorry she had disturbed him," and added an expression similar to the following, "Jacob Lindley is deceased, and my spirit has accompanied his spirit, to the gate of the kingdom."

That day, Jacob Lindley, in usual health, had attended his own meeting at New Garden, in Chester County, Pa., more than fifty miles from Burlington. In the meeting he was engaged in a living, powerful testimony, wherein he intimated his conviction, that there was at least one present, who would not see the light of another day, and added, "Perhaps it may be myself!" That afternoon, as he was taking his daughter, Sarah,† to Westtown

* An account of whom may be found in "Piety Promoted," Vol. 5.

† Who afterward married J. Logan Fisher, of Germantown, Penna.

Boarding School, to meet the Committee there having charge of that Institution, of which she was a member, he was thrown, or fell from the vehicle in which they were riding, and when taken up was found to be dead. Our late valued Friend and minister, Morris Cope, of London Grove, Chester County, Pa., said he had been told, I think by the daughter herself, that she believed her father was dead as he sat beside her in the chair. The reins appeared to be hanging loose in his hands, and she thought a concussion, which had been produced by one wheel striking a stake, would not otherwise have been sufficient, to have thrown him out.

Although the end of this valuable and highly useful life was sudden, it would appear not to have been unlooked for by him, and we can but reverently believe that his purified spirit was, through redeeming mercy, permitted to enter one of those many mansions which our precious Saviour went before to prepare for his dedicated followers to the end of time.